

## THE SURMISES OF SADIE PLATT

"PERMIT me," said Van Adam: "Lord Maurice Pryce and Mr. Dudley Renshaw." The men bowed simultaneously, and Miss Sadie Platt looked up. Her brain was full of action. She glanced from one man to the other, fixing upon her imagination the face and form of each—the one short of stature, sandy-haired, insignificant; the other tall, well knit and keen eyed and swift; as she did all things, made up her mind. She raised her head quite two inches and smiled. Her teeth were brilliant and she smiled at the thought which catches and holds the light. Both men were swiftly conscious of her charm, but instinctively moved forward. She looked again at the two faces—reading the words behind the lips of each; then she, in her turn, moved, laying her hand quite naturally upon the tall man's arm.

"I don't want to dance a bit," she said, "and I rather want to see the palms. Will you be guide?"

What the tall man said neither he nor she ever wanted to remember. There are some seconds, like some hours, that blot away mere words. In a dreamy way she saw the sandy-haired person drift into the line of men, and the line itself dissolve dejectedly into the whirl of the room. She was conscious that the bright, intelligent eyes of her partner were watching her closely, and that she was alone with him in that curious and exhilarating solitude that belongs so markedly to a dance.

They threaded the ballroom in silence. At the door he spoke:

"Are you always as summary as that?" he asked. "That poor little girl with the sandy hair!"

She interrupted him with a smile.

"But he was one of so many," she objected. "And people of title don't feel these little things—their self-satisfaction is too thick."

"Oh," he said, "indeed?" Then he looked away. Presently he smiled, but not quite as she had done. "I'd like to hear your views," he said: "I fancy they are rather quaint."

"It's my first time in Europe," she said, "and I'm not certain that I like being called quaint—it has a musty sound."

They both laughed as they crossed the hall, and a delightful thrill of novelty raced through the man. He felt that the stolidness of life was after all a myth. There were waters still unexplored, and one knew where to look.

The atmosphere of the palm house was very green, the greenness of forests and pools and moss. He drew her toward a low divan.

"No, musty is certainly the very first word," he said thoughtfully. "A stream at its starting, perhaps, or an ash tree in first leaf." He was in no way poetic, but the personality of the girl, her buoyancy and liveness, woke in him something new.

She sat down and arranged her skirts. The slim point of her American shoe started a further run of thoughts. "What on earth have I done?" he said suddenly, "to deserve my luck?"

Her head was bent. She glanced up at him, and there was a glow of daring and of expectation in her face.

"I wonder," she said slowly, "whether you are just as straight and steadfast as you look. I wonder—She studied him attentively. "Well, unless it's said, 'nothing is worth while unless it's cheap'—

"Anything of yours would be more interesting than—well, than many things."

"It began with my cousin—with Edna Van Adam," she paused. "Edna always says that I must marry a title for everybody's sake. Usually I just let Edna run along. But yesterday I just told her that she'd found the man. Who do you think it was?"

He shook his head.

She fanned herself slowly. "Lord Maurice Pryce," she said, and she laughed—a very low, amusing little laugh.

He moved with a jerk, but she laid her hand upon his sleeve.

"Now you've made me lose my place," she said. "And I don't believe you see the joke a little bit."

"Well," he leaned back. "Perhaps the joke hasn't come—for me."

"Oh, can't you see? Chances fixed it up in such a perfectly delicious way, I can picture it in my mind. Billie is returning you both. Edna watching us across the room. I taking just a minute to decide, then coming right away with you." Her color rose at the reflection.

He looked at her attentively. "And why was it me?" he said. He despised himself for the expectancy that ran through his words.

"Why?" Her eyes were entirely frank. "Why everybody in the United States has read your book. My mind quite jumped when I heard your name."

He suddenly felt the air of the palm house growing close. "My name?" he said. He was uncertain how his voice would sound.

"Why, yes. I have cried nights over 'Beaten Tracks.' I know the name of Dudley Renshaw better than I know my own." She looked at him with candid hero-worship in her eyes.

He rose abruptly, walked a dozen steps, then wheeled about. His expression was a mingling of amusement, anger, and something else. He stopped in front of her, his hands clasped behind his back.

"Miss Platt," he said, "where did you learn to deduce? How did your selection come about?"

"You mean how did I know that you were you? Oh, that was the simplest thing. I only needed one tiny glance."

"Well, I—" He leaned back. "Perhaps the joke hasn't come—for me."

"Oh, can't you see? Chances fixed it up in such a perfectly delicious way, I can picture it in my mind. Billie is returning you both. Edna watching us across the room. I taking just a minute to decide, then coming right away with you." Her color rose at the reflection.

He made a quick attempt to speak, but as quickly another inclination crossed his eyes. He dropped back into his place on the divan. "Miss Platt," he said, "suppose this nonentity—this Pryce—were to really tell you that he cared for you. Suppose that he were to say all that your cousin would suggest, and say it within half an hour of meeting you, what would you infer?"

A Printer Greatly Surprised.

"I was never so much surprised in my life, as I was with the results of Chamberlain's Pain Balm," says Henry T. Crook, pressman of the Ashville, (N. C.) Gazette. "I contracted a severe case of rheumatism early last winter by getting my feet wet. I tried several things for it without benefit. One day while looking over the Gazette I noticed that Pain Balm was positively guaranteed to cure rheumatism, so bought a bottle of it and before using two-thirds of it my rheumatism had taken its flight and I have not had a rheumatic pain since." Sold by all druggists.

The Thomas Paint company's factory at Waverly has been destroyed by fire, at a loss of \$20,000; insurance, \$16,000.

During the late flood, an experience will be remembered by Bruce Dodge,

"That he was a fool," was her prompt reply.

He drew back. "Yet Paul Kainley in 'Beaten Tracks' makes love to the heroine in a railway carriage before they've been introduced." His voice was very quiet, but there was a humorous twinkle about his mouth.

"Oh, that was different," she said. "That was a book."

Some people say that an author puts much of himself into his work. Is that a libel, do you think?"

"Please, Mr. Renshaw," she said, "don't. You're just probing for my lack of brains."

"Heaven forbid!" He drew nearer and touched her hand. "Miss Platt, you come from a more rapid land than ours. Perhaps you bring some of the rapidity with you, like the scent upon your clothes. I don't know, but you make me feel that I have no time to lose. You are the most charming girl in the world, and I think—somehow I

Stanton Sigler and Morris Dodge, of Wyalusing. They were floating down the river in a boat to Sugar Run, and when they reached the river bridge they were nearly taken from their boat by the iron girders. The water at this point was very swift. Before they had a chance to again set up from bowing over, the boat struck a large tree, just below, which capsized their boat and broke it, throwing the young men into the icy water. The Dodge boys climbed into the tree, but their companion met with a more exciting experience, and, after some trouble, gained a hold on a limb. With the aid of help, who came to their rescue, the two were rescued safely by ropes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Watts Makinson died at her home in Towanda on Friday, aged 76 years, after an illness of about five years. Her entire life was spent here. Three daughters and one son survive her. Funeral will be held today.

## TUNKHANNOCK.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Tunkhannock, March 9.—Miss Mary

## PICTURE PUZZLE.



Find two other boys and their mother.

## Solutions for Last Week's Puzzles:

Monday, March 3—Carriage box. Ballot box. Jury box.

Tuesday, March 4—Five pigs are in sight. The left jaw of the large pig forms a pig. Then fold the picture upside down and another pig is found to the left of the large pig.

Wednesday, March 5—The little girl's arms form Simple Simon and Jack's right leg forms Tom Tucker.

Thursday, March 6—John Beaver Falls. 2. Chester 3. Eddie 4. Reading.

Friday, March 7—One sister is just above the doorway, between two children. Hold picture sideways and the other sister is formed by the bodies of the two larger boys. Next hold picture upside down and find the father at the base of the large tree.

Saturday, March 9—"Judge not a book by its cover."

think that already you like me just a bit. Am I wrong?"

"You're different from any man I've ever met," was all she said, but she did not withdraw her hand.

It was three minutes later, in response to the rustling of a skirt, that their fingers fell apart. A moment later Mrs. Van Adam strolled slowly past on the arm of the little sandy man.

Ex-Sheriff George L. Kennard, of Meshoppen, was a caller in town on Saturday.

H. A. Mack, who formerly conducted a bobbin factory at this place, is now engaged in the same business at that place and to the effect that the factory is so rushed with orders that it will be necessary to work night and day for some time to come, in order to keep up the demand for his bobbins.

Collins, of Lovetton, who has been the guest of Miss Nellie Boyce, on Pine street, returned home on Friday.

The Monday club will meet at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, on Bridge street, this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Damon A. Kunnenberg, of Lake Carey, visited friends in town on Saturday.

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